

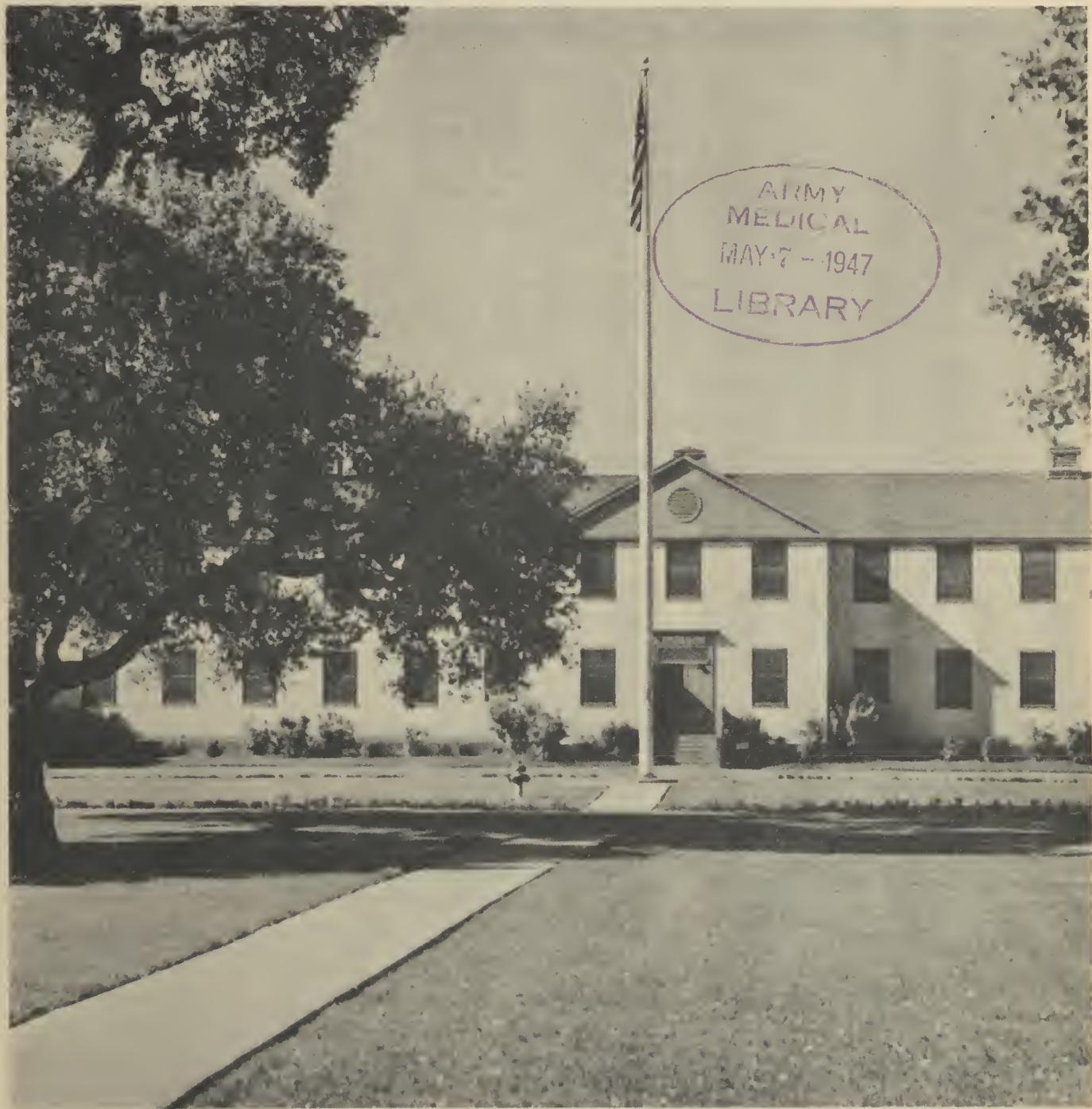
Dibble GH Data

LAST ISSUE

Dibble General Hospital

Menlo Park, California

1 June, 1946



Final Edition: The Last Month at Dibble GH

Dibble Data

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APN

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General Stillwell Commands Sixth Army

The most sweeping changes in Army organization since the war has been announced by the War Dept. The nine Service Commands are to be supplanted by six armies. The new set up becomes effective 12 June under the overall command of Gen. Jacob L. Devers, with headquarters established at Fort Monroe, Va.

Gen. Joseph Stillwell will command the 6th Army and the 6th Army area with headquarters at San Francisco. This area includes Washington, Oregon, Idaho, Montana, Utah, Arizona, Nevada and California.

Gen. Courtney H. Hodges will command the 1st Army area with headquarters in New York City. This area covers Maine, New Hampshire, Vermont, Massachusetts, Rhode Island, Connecticut, New Jersey, Delaware and New York.

Lt. Gen. William Simpson will command the 2nd Army with headquarters in Baltimore. Area under his command includes Pennsylvania, Maryland, Virginia, West Virginia, Ohio, Indiana and Kentucky.

Lt. Gen. Oscar W. Griswold will command the 3rd Army area with headquarters in Atlanta, Ga. The designated section includes North Carolina, South Carolina, Georgia, Florida, Alabama, Tennessee and Mississippi.

Gen. Jonathan Wainwright will command the 4th Army and area with headquarters at San Antonio, Tex. Area includes Texas, Oklahoma, New Mexico, Arkansas and Louisiana.

Lt. Gen. Walton H. Walker will command the 5th Army with headquarters in Chicago. This command includes Illinois, Michigan, Wisconsin, Minnesota, Iowa, Missouri, Kansas, Nebraska, North Dakota, Wyoming and Colorado.

P.E.--They Fought A Battle of The Mud

Last unit to leave Dibble will be the Post Engineers—who were also the first group to be activated here . . . and in between start and finish, they kept the place running, handling every type of job from heating the swimming pool to patching midnight gas leaks.

When Maj. William Eaton, Jr., Chief Post Engineer, arrived at DGH in September 1943, half of the buildings were completed, the remainder still under construction. The "battle of the mud"—was under way, but the Post Engineers—who never lose a fight—dug in. New roads, sidewalks and covered ramps soon chased the California "dew" back to the Pacific.

After Dibble officially opened, hundreds of items still had to be manufactured—lockers, cabinets, racks and display tables. As the patient load grew, alterations were necessary, and Post Engineers took the jobs in their stride. Seven screen porches were enclosed as dressing rooms for plastic and orthopedic cases. A heating system was set in to the ramps after the first winter months proved that a stroll from headquarters to Civic Center was a slow freeze process.

Maintenance of the hospital grounds is a constant job, Maj. Eaton points out. PE not only sowed the grass seed, but mows it, as well as setting in more than 4000 shrubs.

Through the alertness of the PE and the Fire Department, Dibble has had the lowest property and fire loss of any installation in the NSC. No fatal accident or permanent disability has occurred on their well-kept post; the accident rate is nil.

Though the post will soon be deserted, Maj. Eaton and his staff will be on hand to the end. So, if a roof leaks, the plumbing spouts like Vesuvius, or a ward must be dismantled, the job's as good as done. Bring on the Post Engineers!

"Slick Chick" Uniforms for GIs

Washington (CNS)—Uniforms of U. S. Army personnel will soon be trimmer and more stylish, the Quartermaster Corps announced recently.

At discharge centers throughout the country, male and female separates are being examined and measured by staffs of expert clothes stylists. The statistics gathered will be turned over to commercial clothes designers and manufacturers to aid in future Army costuming, the QMC stated.

The survey is expected to result in trimmer uniforms, new techniques in styling and the saving of millions of yards of Army uniform material, the QMC added.



Rosters Drop as DGH Nears Closing Date!



Dibble's CO, Col Paul H. Streit, who directs the maze of closing activities.

New DGH Food Program Will Save Enough For 1100 People

With the curtailment of bread at noon mess Dibble General Hospital's contribution to the Food Conservation Program will supply bread for over eleven hundred starving people.

Beginning 7 May, the approximate saving was 177 pounds of bread daily. Army mess personnel calculates a pound loaf of bread will feed fifteen people. Bread consumption is down 50 per cent, while butter saving amounts to 40 percent.

Through the use of fresh fruits instead of old American favorites—pie and cake—a 30 per cent saving in flour has been estimated by the kitchen personnel. Left-over oatmeal is used for thickening gravies and soups, buckwheat cakes take the place of wheat cakes and corn muffins substitute for bread.

While DGH represents a small unit in proportion to other army installations the ratio of conservation is equal, according to Capt Charles A. Toombs, Director of Dietetics.

MEMORIAL DAY

Memorial Day, 30 May, was observed quietly at Dibble General Hospital. It was a holiday for most of the military and civilian personnel except in the departments where extra personnel was needed to speed the necessary closing activities.

Data Gets a Discharge, Too

With this issue, DIBBLE DATA completes its life span at Dibble General Hospital. It is with genuine regret that we bid it farewell.

This bi-weekly newspaper, during its existence of a little more than a year, played a vital part in creating and sustaining morale at this hospital. It served as one of our best methods to unite the numerous groups on duty into a harmonious organization. It provided stories of interest and humor and was a fair cross index of the thoughts and feelings of the patients and personnel.

I wish to thank the staff of DIBBLE DATA for their loyal, conscientious, intelligent work. I extend my best wishes to all personnel who have served the hospital so loyally and wholeheartedly, and are now departing for other stations or for civil life.

I extend my sincere regards to our patients who almost without exception appreciate the magnificent work that was done for them here. I wish you well.

While we mourn the closing of this facility, we are happy that the work performed by hospitals such as Dibble is being completed, and the need for them no longer exists. So—good luck and farewell!!

Paul H. Streit
Colonel, MC
Commanding

900 Dispositions in May, Plastic Unit to Pasadena;

May set the pace for a rapid removal of personnel; 30 June will see the post cleared of all but a small staff of officers and EM who are slated to do the final cleanup job.

Marking this installation's close, in a message to Col. Streit, General Kirk, The Surgeon General, stated, "My sincere appreciation to you and your staff for the outstanding work which has been done there."

By 15 June the final 60 patients will be discharged or transferred to other hospitals. Figures from R&E set the May dispositions at 551 transfers, 353 CDD or to-duty discharges.

This week Plastic began its transfer, with the largest block, including both patients and staff, going to Pasadena GH. (To be re-named McCornack GH.) Smaller sections from the DGH Plastic service are going to O'Reilly GH, Missouri, and Valley Forge, Pa.

Largest group of orthopedic patients from Dibble have been transferred to Leterman for further treatment. Eye cases were set for Pasadena; other patients are being sent in small units to hospitals throughout the country.

Enlisted duty personnel were transferred or discharged at the rate of 210 during May; 160 will be transferred or discharged by 30 June. Some staff administrative officers, approximately 50 EM and a few WACs will call Dibble home until final disposition in August.

STANFORD PROFESSOR AWARDED NEW DECORATION



Dr. S. W. Muller received the Medal of Freedom from Lt. Col. Richard Brady, Maj. Eaton assisting. The Stanford paleontologist was cited for his research in permafrost, Alaskan Division, ATC.



As Dibble marches into June, its ramps sound a tramping all their own . . . patients on their way to R&E to check out for the last time . . . "trains" of beds from vacated wards . . . and everyone packing their trunks, ready to leave the Alma Ma for civvys, a new hospital, or a new post.

The DIBBLE DATA photographer, braving the buzz of business, jacked up his camera and tripod . . . to prove that DGH was on the job in its next-to-last month . . . as it had been since February 1944.

Pictures on the following pages were not chosen to give credit to particular departments . . . They're representative, random shots of the hospital's closing activities.



Sixteen thousand patients came through these portals . . . Right, Spencer Collingham, Virgina Styles, Margaret Lastrup and Sgt Gertrude Provencal dig the files to finish up the final 1300 records in the Sick and Wounded office . . . For the record, Lt Paul V. Babcock, Registrar, states that R&E processed its first convoy of patients—from the Pacific Theater—in February 1944 . . . Largest single shipment came in November 1945. And, with the surrender of Japan, a large number of RAMP patients (former prisoners of the Japanese) were added to the Dibble roster for treatment. R&E not only gets them "coming and going", but holds open house round-the-clock for casualties and emergency ambulance calls.



Above, T/4 Helen Schultz and M/Sgt Richard Otero confer with Sgt Mike Riccatone, Wd 8, to bring his service record up to date before he is transferred to another hospital for more plastic surgery. This is only a minor part of the job Military Personnel must do as Dibble closes . . . They've records to complete, files to close, and transfers to be made . . . Of patients, duty personnel to jobs and posts where they're most needed . . .

The pay-off at Finance (left) . . . Cpl Kenneth Doty puts his "X" on a travel voucher before Capt. E. H. Draeger and Mrs. Elaine Brubaker hand him the greenbacks for his trip to his next post. This is the office which juggles those miles of figgers . . . which must add up before Dibblites are paid . . . or provides that meal ticket for a trip back to the home town. And the crew of both military and civilian workers can "vouch" that it's no little job.





Whether it was a hospital train to unload or a quick trip home . . . Motor Pool and Transportation did the job. Able mechanics kept ambulances, busses, jeeps and staff cars humming in top form . . . Drivers were on call to ferry visiting generals on an inspection tour, or to haul a bussload of patients on a Santa Cruz picnic.

Right, Lt Herbert Stern kibitzes while Russel Spotwood finishes an overhaul job . . . Like Spotwood, many of the men employed by Motor Pool are World War II vets, including several who returned to their same GI jobs as civilians.

Other units which have shared the tremendous load of supplying and maintaining Dibble and its facilities, include Post Engineers, Quartermaster and Supply, MP Detachment and many other individuals and groups.



Jerry Kelly and Grover White (left) put a Thursday dinner on the grill . . . They're part of the staff of cooks, waitresses and dieticians who keep Dibble stomachs full and happy. They maintained, at the peak, four huge mess halls . . . and get the credit when newly-arrived WACs and EM cry, "No, KP!" . . . Who can take the usual humorous GI griping about chow with a grin, because across their counters they've handed some of the best food in the Army.

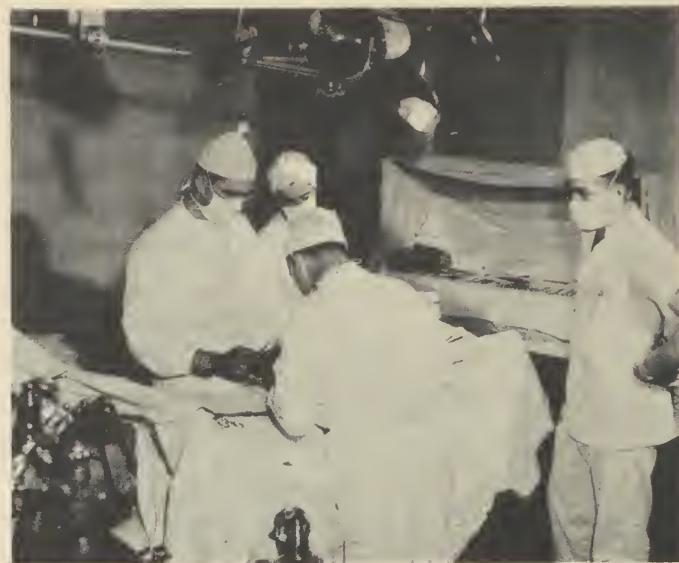
Below, Col Paul N. Streit, CO, inspects the DGH fire department, headed by Chief Post Engineer Maj William H. Eaton, Jr. Dibble's firemen have maintained the lowest property and fire loss of any installation in the NSC and one of the lowest rates in the nation.





Last day of surgery at Dibble was Wednesday 22 May, climaxing two years of intense work in eye, plastic and orthopedic surgery . . . Under Lt Col Walter B. Macomber, surgeons, nurses and technicians combined their skills to make almost miraculous recoveries and restorations a routine affair.

Plastic surgeons here were among the first to use the tube graft, or pedicle, extensively. Last week, color photographs of Dibble's Plastic work were submitted to the SGO for approval to be exhibited at a convention of the American Medical Association. Work by Helen Cleare, DGH medical artist, has also been widely exhibited as a mark of advances in Plastic surgery.



One of two centers for treatment of World War II's blind, Dibble initiated an extensive program for treatment and rehabilitation, supervised by Lt Col Norman Cutler, MC, until his departure in early 1946. In the Blind Program, 21 per cent of the 269 patients regained partial vision.

Left, doctors and technicians at work in the Artificial Eye Clinic, where patients are fitted with plastic prostheses. Organization of the school which put this plastic eye into Army-wide production was initiated by Col William D. White, chief of DGH Dental branch, Ex-Major Stanley Erph, formerly of the Dibble Dental staff, is one of the three men credited with the development of the plastic eye.



Under the Orthopedic Section, the Brace Shop finishes its job of supplying braces and corrective shoes for orthopedic patients. Dibble was designated as a center for use of the newly-developed shoe-fitting machine. Still under the direction of Steve Cravath, who headed the shop as a GI, T/4 William Amovisca, Frank Moose and William Coon finish last work at their lathes.

Lt Col Maurice M. Pike, former orthopedic surgeon here, directed installation of the fitting machine here. Both he and Cravath attended an Orthopedic Specialist school in Boston to learn operation of the new apparatus.





Until the last patient departs, those carts will still trundle down the corridors to Central Service . . . focal point at 0800, 1000 and 1500 every day . . . Where supplies, medications, and instruments are handed across the counters to the nurses who use them on the wards.

The staff of nurses, WACs and EM check all equipment out and in . . . operate autoclaves and sterilizers . . . and keep tabs on every article used in daily ward treatment, down to the last pair of forceps or bandage scissors.

Right, Lt Catherine Busco, Lt Mary Browne and T/5 Richard Owens count out material for the morning's first customer, T/5 Shirley Whittle.



In the Wd 6 plastic dressing room, Lt Daisy Morris and T/5 Laverne Phillips prepare to change bandages for Pfc John Chambers. These plastic rooms were set up to do the necessary followup on all surgery cases—and involve the strictest use of sterile technique . . . to prevent infection and promote quick healing. Seven sun porches were remodeled for this use. Nurses and WAC technicians are on duty daily.

Unique monument to the DGH Plastic Service is the recently-completed display room, Wd 7. Through the medium of moulage and photography, the amazing progress in individual surgery is depicted.





All present and accounted for!

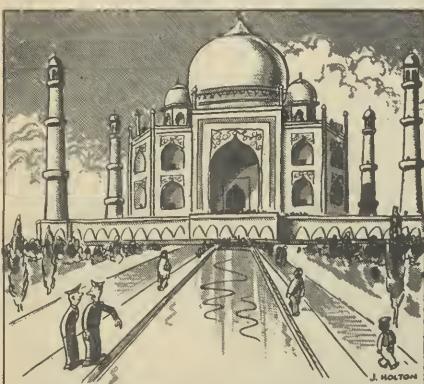
CIVIL Tongues

Nostalgia: Time is fleeting . . . another chapter closes for Dibble's military and mufti alike. Civilian employees like Clara Marozik and Bill Moore, Lena Barba and Bob Cranna, Marge Willey and Spencer Collingham, can remember when they helped open the place.

We'll miss . . . the cheery smile of Elvin Toore . . . the efficiency of Theresa Roberta . . . getting "scoops" like the Arnold Adams wedding . . . the on-again-off-again twosoming of the two Chucks—Lockwood and Ferderber (it's on again) . . . the whistle-bait figger of Payroll's Frances Cleveland, who shouldn't envy Lana at all . . . Selena Yoder's Voguish look . . . the Ferraro sister act, creating havoc along wolf row . . . those chats with Helen Excell and Lilah Litfinn . . .

Mem'ries: of that beeg pahty tossed by R&E and Motor Pool at Aum Rock . . . Those civilian shindigs where Rosie was belle of the ball while Vera walked on eggs all evening . . . those long-ago meetings in the post theater . . . those gossipy hours in the coffee shop . . . Wednesday paydays . . .

L'envoi: We're proud we helped a little . . . so sad to depart . . . good luck—and farewell.



"Now, that's something like the filling station I'm saving to buy after the war. This here would be the grease pit."

WAC Wise

It's finis . . . after two years of WAC-tivities at DGH . . . and only a few gals who can remember when: first arrivals marched in, amid curious stares. . . . "Plush" life in the nurses' quarters, with private rooms and waxed floors. . . . Then April 1945 and the weary line, carrying beds, mattresses and footlockers to the new WAC barracks. . . . The change to pink hospital dresses after those "adorable" blue jobs. . . .

Milestones: VJ-Day . . . the rumors before . . . the celebration after . . . with survivors tramping in from 'Frisco . . . and footlocker parties. When the points went down: Sedillo, Marshall and Kasmierozak entraining for civilian life. The first big WAC-hostessed party, when the detachments went hillbilly, everybody Virginia-reeled . . . then talked about it for days 'n days. Col. Boyce's visit, when Jackson discovered a buddy from Brooklyn, and A-1 shared its toast . . . D-barracks lend-leased to the EM, and the Marsh sisters' surprise when they returned from furlough to find it out . . .

Always, fun: When Special Services throws a party. . . . Like the April Showers Dance . . . or the best-of-all 4th Birthday Party . . . Softball and basketball games: Scotty promoting good-will with Letterman, Mason or Stoneman. . . . Lanting's do-or-die cage work. . . . The NSC tourney in San Francisco, with all Dibble bussing up to yell for the DibWACs . . . Sarge: her pitchin', her tooth and her nightly bow from the stage of the Post Theater . . . Food-fests in the kitchen: Miller always there, Mahringer and her cup-o-tea, Herrera and her tuna sandwich. . . .

Who'll forget: Stinky Davis handing Kleenex cross the counter. . . . Jay Hull with a coke. . . . The parade of PT's through the cadre rooms, and on to commissions. . . . Betty Frieling's poster painting. . . . Maude Wilson's sad "No Mail" . . . The first nylon issue . . . Canfield's poise in the CO's office . . . Westrum or Skodje dancing a fast jitterbug. . . . Brown's trials with her flower garden . . . Borski bouncing on tiptoe. . . .

WAC commendation: to the last WAC who will leave Dibble, bless 'er soul . . . and from all the rest: THE END.



In the past few days the BOQ has been blessed with a new columnist, who writes not for the paper, but for the bulletin board, and every day. . . . Diligent search has failed to reveal the identity of this remarkable person. . . . T'would seem he's ready for additional duty.

The Picturesque-Speech-and-Patter Society, under the able leadership of Major Crofut (who can really turn a phrase) is still holding meetings nightly . . . four members have been offered post-war (Dibble Theater of Operations) as mule-skinners.

Latest addition to BOQ Hillbillies is Capt. "Leon" Arnold . . . whose banjo playing is topped only by his opinion of it. . . . take 'im back to the Ozarks.

Congrats: To the Arnold-Adams merger. . . . Chaplain Adams, who officiated at so many post weddings, was noticeably excited. . . . Col. Streit beamed as he gave the bride away . . . and reception was held in her own flower-decked library. . . .

Newest promotion: Capt. Fondiller, after a long, long time.

Were this a social column, it would be filled with such names as Col. Iverson (they're just friends of the family), Capt. Miner (would you please take my calls for a few minutes?), Lt. Crane (Me too), Lt. Cox (I'm just going out for a little air), and Major Satory. But it isn't. So there.

It's adios . . . to all our residents who are leaving for greener pastures . . . to our readers (both of 'em) . . . and to the soon-to-be-silent hall of Bee-Oh-Que.

LEAGUE BOWLING

Standings:

Team	Won	Lost
Patients III	9	3
Surgery	8	4
Detachment	8	4
Med. Supply	7	5
QM	7	5
Patients I	6	6
Brace Shop	6	6
R and E	5	7
WAC	5	7
Patients II	4	8
Motor Pool	4	8
ENT	3	9

Since this is the final issue of Dibble Data the winning team will have to be learned through the grapevine.

Medical DT's

By Saul Over

Twilight falls on DGH . . . but not many of the old guard stayed around to hear it crash. Biggest final bang was the 20 May party at the NCO club . . . with "Tex" mixin' mass mickeys. . . .

Top-kick Kinchen played host to perfection at the WAC Birthday Ball . . . keeping Ft. Mason's party WOJG happy while her gals made the music. . . . Other couplings: Boyd Fowler guiding blonde Mary Stephens about the dance floor. . . . Glen Thompson light-fantastican with "Rickey" . . . with Herbie Drummond and Art Seidman howling from the sidelines. Keister was still munching fried chicken two days after.

Departed forever: Degner. Honest.

It's old, but still news: That Mike Isaacs ain't really the permanent CQ for the gals det. . . . That Whitey's latest cocktail is a coke-plus (rubbing) alkyhol zzzzzombie . . . That Charlie Case took himself a bride on 4 May. San Jose was the place, and Vera's her name. . . . That Lewis Mason amply fills the spot vacated by Sgt. Stubbs in the MP det. . . .

Remains of the post band—Coviello, Wright, Perry, Jones, Stearns and Weaver—packed their tin horns off to Ft. Lewis. . . . And "Smokey" claims he'll be shining up the doorstep in front of Mills Hall when the last sojer marches out of Dibble. . . .

150 GCM's for Dibble Patients

Col Streit handed out a total of 150 Good Conduct Medals to Dibble patients in an award ceremony in the Rec Hall last week. S/Sgt Henry E. Brooks, Wd 24, received the DSC, Purple Heart and Bronze Star on the following day.

Retraining for Geologists

Washington (CNS)—On-the-job retraining will be offered to members of the U. S. Geological Survey when they return to their jobs after war service, and to new members who will be added to the field forces . . .

Male Call



LT. DON LINDER, SSO



He Provides the H'wood Touch—

Born in Lincoln, Nebraska, which accounts for those corny gags . . . That middle initial, a closely-guarded secret, stands for "Levoy", say our sleuths. After two years at the U of Nebraska, he followed Greeley's advice and headed for L.A. . . . With B. E. (music major) from U.C.L.A. clutched in hot little fist, he became freelance recording musician and branched out into first trumpet spot on top-flight air shows . . . among them, Maxwell House, Screen Guild, Eddie Cantor, and Abbott and Costello. Spent six years as lead trumpet with maestro Meredith Wilson, plus doing film recordings at MGM.

Six feet, three ("and a quarter," adds better half, blonde Rosalie) genial Lieutenant Linder's a non-smoker . . . forcibly restrains from mayhem when office visitors puff up billowing smoke screen around his desk a la Vesuvius. Strictly a "legit" musician, he's no jazz hound . . . Show business past stands him in good stead for job of Special Services officer at Dibble . . . finds job as host to visiting celebrities right up his alley. He explodes like an atom bomb when things go wrong, but

Chess Tournament Prizes Awarded

The Chess Tournament which began 15 May with 32 players ended 24 May with Sgt. Morse, the champion chess player of DGH and Capt. Rawson Hosmer, second.

The contestants were divided into two groups. The winners of the first game went into Group A and the losers into Group B.

Group A: Sgt. Garth Morse received the first prize, a set of handsome chess men and leather carrying case; second prize, a set of handsome chess men, went to Capt. Rawson Hosmer and Lt. Lester Thompson and Elwin Combs each received a chess book for playing in the semi-finals.

Group B: Pfc. Felix V. Rivera, patient, first winner, a chess book; second winner, Harold Harrington, blind patient, a chess book; Geraldine Hoffman and S/Sgt. Fred Swan each received a chess book for playing in the semi-finals.

Col. Paul H. Streit presented the prizes to the winners of the tournament in his office on 25 May.

Prize money was furnished by Special Services and the tournament was conducted by Bill Kelly of Information and Education. M/Sgt. August Kohler was consulting tournament judge.

LETTERMAN SCORES

Letterman's WAC softball team defeated DibWCs 5 to 3 Thursday, 23 May on the Dibble Diamond.

Line-up for Dibble: Jensen, Sargent, Ferguson, McClure, Hanson, Rossi, Luttermoser, Weise and Hull.

Line-up for Letterman: Krueger, Donnelly, Houk, White, Eaton, Hart, Newton, Pickel and Ryan.

he's all smiles again ten minutes later . . . Frequently found wandering through Civic Center with a puzzled look, trying to go ten directions at once.

"Hammy" tendencies are, for most part, hidden—until he gets in front of a mike. In view of the fact that he works eight days a week, Mrs. L. needs an introduction to him when he finally breaks away from his job to go home.

No Bi-Lateral Thinking For Ambitious Double Amputees

"There are a lot worse things than being a bi-lateral," declared DGH's three bi-lateral patients, Capt Philip Bray, Lt Thomas E. Moran and T/Sgt. William O. Shoup.

These men are not bi-lateral in thinking. Despite their disability they have a refreshingly wholesome outlook on the future, ambitions and life in general.

Captain Bray has some interesting observations about "bi-laterals" and artificial hands in general. "It's easier to learn to work your hooks if you have both hands gone," he said. "A guy who's lost one has a tendency to favor his good hand."

Since acquiring their prostheses the patients have made great strides in mastering their use. They can drive a car without special attachments and carry on the daily habits of living with ease.

Captain Bray of San Leandro, Calif., was a former swimming instructor and has kept up his aquatic progress and can do the backstroke as well as he did before he was hurt. Badminton, tennis, skiing—these are favorites high on his sports roster that are not going to be neglected in the future.

Lt. Thomas E. Moran of Anniston, Ala., is working on a book for bi-laterals. He has learned to use his hooks so skillfully that he can tie his own tie—one of the most difficult feats to accomplish with hooks.

Sgt. William Shoup of Jonesboro, Ark., finds pleasure in being able to light his cigarettes. "It's doing the little things for yourself that make life worth living," he said as he picked up his package of cigarettes to prove his complete independence.

The future holds no doubts for DGH's three bi-lateral patients.

Oh Nurse!

Since Sunday normal activities have ceased. Before Sunday it was "Where do you want to go?", followed by "and where are you going?"

Now, one follows one's ears to the focus of activity: the noisy circle surrounding 1st Lieut. Gredoria Espinosa and 2nd Lieut. Bemilda Castaneda. Chief Nurse and Assistant Chief, respectively, of the Philippine Army's 1st General Hospital, they are completing a tour of U.S. Army Hospital installations.

Lieuts Espinosa and Castaneda were members of the ANC at the beginning of the war and were captured on Corregidor. They were held as prisoners, but in three month's time managed to convince the Japs that they were really friends—interested only in collaboration. Once released, they worked like beavers in the Underground and with American Intelligence.

Coyner and Snowden sit in rapt attention, but break up the huddle, girls, long enough to say "good-bye."

New Occupation Medal Authorized

Washington (CNS) — Officers and enlisted men who served with the American Armies of Occupation in Europe after May 8, 1945, and in Japan or Korea after September 2, for a period of 30 consecutive days, will receive the occupation medal.

The medal has not as yet been designed, but authorization has been granted for the white, black and red ribbon to be issued to separates.

Anyone who wants back copies of the DIBBLE DATA may secure the editions from Sgt. Marion von Kirtley, Wd. 22, telephone Ext. 291.

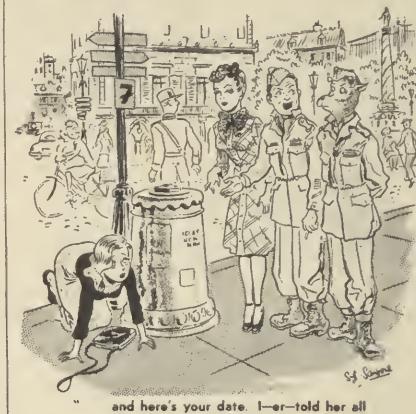


T/Sgt. Shoup and Capt. Bray show they've mastered use of their prosthetic hands with a friendly gesture. . . .

The Wolf

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by Sansone



GI Loan Regulations Eased

Washington (CNS) — New and simpler loan regulations are provided for under a recently amended version of the GI Bill of Rights.

The veteran's honorable discharge now automatically becomes his certificate of eligibility in applying for a loan. Formerly an ex-GI had to file an application with the Veterans Administration for one.

The only authority vested in the VA is that of appointing local appraisers to see that the price of the property involved in the loan is "reasonable."

Under the new provisions, the government increases the amount of guarantee to \$4,000 on all real estate loans. The maximum used to be \$2,000.

The time has been extended from two to ten years after the official end of the war during which veterans may take advantage of their GI loan privileges.

Farm loans have been liberalized to the extent that the loan may be used for practically every ordinary farming purpose.



Lt. T. E. Moran demonstrates one of the most difficult feats, as he ties a neat four-in-hand.

JOE MILLER'S SECOND WAR

(A Short Story)

This is the short story of MISTER Joe Miller, Civilian, USA. (After a year in the South Pacific and two in the ETO, who doesn't spell "mister" in capitals?)

It was almost a sad short story, until you read it. Then you and Joe got together and did a rewrite job on the ending.

Once upon a time Joe Miller was drafted. This was before Pearl Harbor. His uniform didn't fit, but then neither did those of several other Joes who were learning to march and to handle a rifle alongside our Pvt. Miller. Being a Philosopher, Joe soon learned to gripe about his uniform—it didn't really fit any better after, but the collar seemed to rest more softly under his chin . . . and about Army chow . . . and restriction . . . and details.

Then came Pearl Harbor. And a long tense circuitous seasick boat-ride to Australia.

Joe's Philosphic Turn was really put to work. If I know exactly What I'm Fighting For, Joe told himself, this might be easier. So he sat down on the nearest trash can and began to Philosophize in a Big Way.

He was fighting for Love of the Blonde who wrote him A Letter Every Day. Also of the country—his—which was the Best Of All. Joe couldn't quite decide WHY it was the best, except that it was the country where he was going back to his job in a grocery store. Where, if things went right, he might even own the grocery store some day. Where he could go to baseball games and drink pop and yell for any team he wanted. Where he could also go to the polls on Election Day and vote for any man he wanted. **No matter Who.**

Before Joe began to Philosophize, he had read newspapers. And magazines. Articles with all sorts of Views. But especially about things that had happened in the last 15 years in Germany and Italy and Japan.

Joe decided that the Thing he was fighting AGAINST was HATE.

He had three years to think about it. While he was fighting against people who wouldn't let other people vote or 'go to ball games or even live, because their skin was the Wrong Color or they voted for the Wrong Men or they worshiped the Wrong God. Sometimes because they worshipped Any God.

Thinking about this made Joe like the Good Old U.S.A. even more. Things like that didn't happen there.

Then one day Joe got a Jerry Bullet in his leg. Not bad. But bad enough to send

him back across on a hospital ship. He spent a year in the hospital before he could walk. Then the Blonde stopped writing letters because Joe married her. He bought a gray pin-striped suit and went back to his job in the grocery store, at a Raised Salary and even found a house-to-rent which was Real Luck considering Conditions. So Joe was plenty happy and proud to be an American who had helped to beat the governments who Discriminated and Hated and Cheated and Killed.

Until.

Joe was still reading newspapers. And many magazines. After the War News and the Making Peace News began to be on the back pages Domestic Events became important again.

As Joe read he sank lower and lower in his arm chair. His Philosophies began to look like big black spots on the walls of the living room of his rented house.

He read about.

A Japanese-American ex-soldier (who had more ribbons on his chest than Joe had) who came home from the Army to find the windows of his house (which he had owned for 10 years) all smashed in. And Forbidding Signs written on the porch by The Proud Citizens of the U.S.A.

A little Jewish lady who wanted to open a clothing shop. She closed it and went away after the second day. The Proud Citizens had visited her. They were not particularly polite when they said You'd Better Not Open a Shop in Our Town.

Some negroes who owned a house which was better than Joe's and in a Good Part of Town awoke one morning to find huge crosses burned on their lawns. Joe squirmed when he looked at the photographs of the crosses. Somehow they looked a lot like Big Black Swastikas.

There were many other stories about The Proud Citizens. Some in white sheets.

Joe began to spend quite a lot of his time wondering about those three years in the South Pacific and the ETO and the year in the hospital in the Good Old U.S.A. Rather Bitter Thoughts. If Joe hadn't had a Philosophical Turn this might have been the end of a sad short story.

But.

Joe remembered that he still could vote for any man he wanted. No matter who. Elections were coming up. Joe read the paper again to learn which congressmen and legislators and city managers were willing for The Proud Citizens to run around in white sheets. He voted against them. Not too hopefully.

Before he decided to be a Complete Cynic Joe turned on his radio for the Re-

turns. Several Important Men who had Publicly Supported the white sheets lost their job. Well, Joe decided, and it was pleasant to Philosophize again, I am Not Alone.

He Began to Look About.

Joe went to meetings of Veterans Groups where there were a lot of fellows who were just as Bitter as he was about The Proud Citizens. Joe joined a group. It was not only Bitter but Angry and Determined. This was more important.

Joe went to a Town Hall Forum. There he met plenty of all kinds of civilians who were also Angry and Determined. They were Jews and Catholics and Protestants and others. They were Real Americans who resembled Englishmen and Frenchmen and Germans and Italians and Chinese and Japanese and Negroes. You were there, too.

Joe stood up and counted. Here were twenty times more people than all The Proud Citizens who ran around the countryside in white sheets. All of these people could read and write and talk and vote. Then you and Joe and others re-wrote the ending.

There were laws against the white sheets. (Some of them were little laws like Trespassing on Private Property. Some were big laws like Trespassing on Private Liberty.) You and Joe and the others voted for the people who enforced these laws. And against the people who didn't. You read papers and magazines. All the time. You wrote letters—to your papers and your legislators and your congressmen—when anyone forgot about these laws. And voted for new laws which made it harder and harder for The Proud Citizens to Discriminate and Destroy.

Because, with Joe Miller, you knew how foolish it was to spend billions of dollars and a million lives and legs and arms, for Something which is Right. And then throw it away because The Proud Citizens (Who really weren't proud at all. They'd undoubtedly never read the Constitution.) could wear white sheets and throw stones and talk louder than you . . . But only for a little while.

BONNIE MOBERLY

Mounted Patrol Sponsors Show

The Variety Show sponsored by the San Mateo County Mounted Patrol and presented through Special Services in the Rec. Hall, 13 May was proclaimed the best ever given at DGH.

The clever and original acts included the inevitable magician, song and dance routines, accordion and piano solos, as well as rope tricks.



Life at Dibble Ends in Whirl of Activity